

Daily Kentuckian

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Representative negroes of Kentucky at a meeting with the Council of Defense in Louisville Tuesday effected an organization for war work.

The British Government has let contracts to British manufacturers for military clothing to refit 2,000,000 American soldiers.

During hand grenade practice at Camp Beauregard Tuesday Capt. Arthur A. Diettel, of the 114th Engineers, was killed and a sergeant and five privates were injured.

More than 500 students will be enrolled for military training at the of the allied forces on the western when the institution opens in September.

An entire German battalion, while planning to attack American bridge builders on the Vesle, was wiped out by Yankee machine gunners. There were no American casualties.

Investigation has disclosed that the armored cruiser San Diego, which was sunk several weeks ago off the American coast, struck a mine.

A new world's shipbuilding record was set by the United States during the month of July. One hundred and twenty-three vessels were launched and forty-one others delivered.

The Gladys M. Hollett, a British schooner, loaded with fish for New York, was looted and sunk by a German submarine off the coast of Canada. The crew took to boats and were rescued.

The mercury broke all records in the history of the Weather Bureau, registering 114 degrees in Washington and similar remarkable intensity in Toledo, Philadelphia and other cities Tuesday.

Gen. Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces on the western front, has been elevated to be a Marshal of France by the Council of Ministers. The military medal was conferred on Gen. Petain, Commander-in-Chief of the French armies on the western front.

A call for a conference has just been issued by Edmund J. James, president of the University of Illinois and state director of the Council, in connection with the drive of the American Council of Education to stimulate attendance at High Schools, Colleges and Universities next year. The conference is to be held some time in this month.

"A SPLENDID TONIC"

Says Hixson Lady Who, On Doctor's Advice, Took Cardui And Is Now Well.

Hixson, Tenn.—"About 10 years ago I was..." says Mrs. J. B. Gadd, of this place. "I suffered with a pain in my left side, could not sleep at night with this pain, always in the left side..."

My doctor told me to use Cardui. I took one bottle, which helped me and after my baby came, I was stronger and better, but the pain was still there.

I at first let it go, but began to get weak and in a run-down condition, so I decided to try some more Cardui, which I did.

This last Cardui which I took made me much better, in fact, cured me. It has been a number of years, still I have no return of this trouble.

I feel it was Cardui that cured me, and I recommend it as a splendid female tonic.

Don't allow yourself to become weak and run-down from womanly troubles. Take Cardui. It should surely help you, as it has so many thousands of other women in the past 40 years. Headache, backache, sideache, nervousness, sleeplessness, tired-out feeling, are all signs of womanly trouble. Other women get relief by taking Cardui. Why not you? All druggists.

NC-152

(Advertisement)

JUST AS THE SHELL BURST



This British official photograph is one of the most remarkable and interesting received from the western front. At a great risk the photographer risked his life just as a shell from an enemy gun exploded 20 feet from him. The British Tommy in the foreground has fallen, wounded by a piece of the bursting shell.

HONOR FOR MR. HOOVER

Havre, Aug. 7.—The Belgian government has conferred the title of "honorary nation" on Herbert C. Hoover, the American food administrator.

The preamble of the decree conferring the honor on Mr. Hoover renders homage to the forceful personality of Mr. Hoover, when he stood at the head of the colossal undertaking for feeding Belgium. It adds that the government would have liked to have given him testimony of its admiration and gratitude in the usual form, but owing to the fact of Mr. Hoover now being an American government official, the Belgian government refrained from doing so out of respect for American traditions.

"That is what the government," says the announcement, "proposes to the king to reserve for him a place of honor in the Belgian family over which he has been the agent of providence and to affirm in a public official document the unalterable friendship of Belgium to her great benefactor. That purpose is accomplished by conferring upon him the title of honorary citizen and friend of the Belgian nation which has been borne by nobody since Belgium has existed as a state."

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Putting out good printing is our business, and when we say good printing we don't mean fast, but the best obtainable. If you are "born Missouri" give us a trial and we will

Show You

Summer Heat

By LINCOLN ROTHBLUM

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Mrs. Potter was one of those women commonly called "a natural born matchmaker." To her credit within the past sixteen years of her widowhood there were some eight couples more or less happily married. The romance of youth was just so much vital food to her existence and evidently she threw upon the diet, for large rolls of needless fat hung upon her spindly sides, while the drooping double chin converted cheek by low with the ample bosom below. But true to the saw, chunky Mrs. Potter was good-natured and, strange as it may seem, thoroughly understood young men and women, especially at springtime when it is said their fancy/lightly turns to thoughts of love.

It was Clara, Mrs. Potter's pretty niece, who crowned that lady's reputation as Cupid's assistant. Even Miss Bertha Springer, who had some years before given up all matrimonial intentions, was obliged to admit that in Clara's engagement to Hal Doran, Mrs. Potter had outdone herself. Miss Springer, it must be understood, bore the conductor of this diplomatic marriage bureau little good will, since the occasion on which she had been refused assistance in securing, as Mrs. Potter afterwards bluntly put it, "any thing in a pair of trousers." Unfortunately, Miss Springer did not know at the time that Mrs. Potter based her operations on the principle "that to accomplish anything, one must have fair material to work with." And the spinster herself knew she was far from being "fair material."

"Well, my dear niece," Mrs. Potter was saying this perfect May afternoon, as she rocked her hundred and ninety pounds to the rocker's accompanying complaint, "it certainly is gratifying to read the announcement of your engagement to Hal in this morning's paper. You'll make the prettiest June couple this town has ever seen."

"That's just what displeases me," responded the young girl as she twirled her parasol on the rug to her aunt's vexation, "no one seems to question whether Hal and I are suited to one another—they all say he's a mighty handsome fellow and I'm not a bad looking girl, and we've both got money—it's a mighty fine match for both of



A Natural Born Matchmaker.

us." And Clara flopped herself down on the rug, knees cocked up, with dire results to the flimsy summer dress of white voile with its tier upon tier of lace ruffles.

"Tut, tut, girl, I don't like to hear you talk that way. Hal Doran is a pretty fine man, and comes from a good family. You'll get along well enough and I can just picture how gorgeous you'll look stepping to the tune of Mendelssohn."

Their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of six-foot-two of wonderful manhood, cheeks and eyes glowing with health, topped by waves of jet black hair.

"Hello, Hal," was the simultaneous greeting of the two women, much more cordially expressed by Mrs. Potter. Clara received her sweetheart's kiss in silence and left the room.

"What's the matter with Princess Pretty?" he asked in his mellow voice; "out of humor?"

"Not at all," Mrs. Potter nervously replied, anxious for the successful denouement of her machinations, "it's just the summer heat."

Summer heat was one of Mrs. Potter's favorite reasons for any indisposition. With the first peep of a blade of grass above the ground still hard from the winter's snow, she began to imbibe great quantities of iced lemonade.

"Just the summer heat," she repeated mechanically, "and I suppose," she added by way of introducing the subject uppermost in her mind, "a little nervous about your approaching wedding. My, but you'll make a handsome couple!"

The man sat down and stretched his long legs to their full length. "Yes," he drawled, "that's just what most

folks are saying. Because Clara is a little beauty, and I'm not a physical wreck, people take it for granted we're suited."

"Tut, tut, Hal, don't talk like that. Clara's a mighty fine girl, even if I say so who should not. And you'll get along well enough. Find her and take a walk."

And, indeed, it would be a most critical judge who could not but praise Mrs. Potter's ingenuity in bringing this man and maid together. Perhaps it was because they were both conscious of the many glances directed at them that they could never afterwards tell just how and when the automobile knocked them down, and before either regained consciousness they were whisked into an ambulance, driven to the nearest hospital, and awoke to find themselves nightgowned and pajamaed respectively. Hal's broken arms put him to bed with irksome splints, while Clara lay white and weak with a displaced rib.

It was well along the tenth day before either became sufficiently conscious that something else than pain existed in their spotless rooms. For Hal's attention was diverted from an effort to stretch his legs beyond the confines of the bed to Nurse Stewart, just entering the room. He made a lightning quick inventory.

"Pug nose, freckled, blue-green eyes, short lashes, brick-red hair, no figure. Ensemble—not much."

"Better, I see," said this white-gowned creature.

Hal flopped his head over. So wonderful a voice did not belong to such features. And he had not dreamed hands could be so gentle as his splints were adjusted without pain and the food placed within his mouth without accident. And how she could smile!

Nor was Clara less puzzled over the law of consistency as her eyes wandered from the concave joining of ceiling and wall to the equally bland appearance of Doctor Blount, so professionally attentive, with his kindly encouraging ways oddly at variance with his bald head and large ears.

Some two months later, Mrs. Potter squatting in her rocker, greeted her niece and Hal Doran effusively as she noted their arms linked together.

"It was a terrible accident," she affirmed, "and we've a great deal to be thankful for," and as she paused to pour herself another glass of lemonade, she commented on the side, "This July weather is just awful."

In a moment she went on, "I had so hoped to see you a June bride, but we'll arrange for an August wedding."

"Make that plural, auntie," laughed the girl.

Mrs. Potter looked up, puzzled. "What do you mean 'plural'?" Clara

Clara poked her elbow into Hal, who stood digging the toe of his shoe into the rug like a bad boy up for punishment. "You tell her," she urged.

Hal hemmed and hawed. "Clara 'n' I are going to get married," he answered at length.

"Why, of course," interrupted the now thoroughly exasperated Mrs. Potter, "but what's funny about that?"

"Nothing," Hal smiled, as Clara fell into a paroxysm of uncontrollable giggles, "but we're not going to marry each other."

Mrs. Potter did make a valiant effort to reach her lemonade, but dismayed failed as her arm sank limply to her side. The weight of her chin seemed too great to sustain the shock and her lower jaw dropped far enough to permit her tongue to emerge with ease. Valiant ministrations gasped her.

"Then who is it?" she gasped.

"I shall marry Doctor Blount," chirped Clara.

"And I shall marry Nurse Stewart," echoed Hal.

Mrs. Potter blinked and swallowed hard. "Bless you, my children," she said, and sank exhausted in her chair.

Bunyan's Great Work.

Aside from the holy books of the world no religious book has had more influence than John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and it is perhaps the only book in the world about which, after a lapse of a hundred years, the educated minority has come over to the opinion of the common people, "Pilgrim's Progress" stole silently into the world, and it is probable that in the first months of its publication the little volume circulated only among the poor and obscure. But it slowly and steadily rose to fame, and is now considered one of the epoch-making books in religious history.

Serpent Creature of Mystery.

Hardly less deadly than the cobra is the American rattlesnake. The Moki Indians utilize it in their religious ceremonies. In the snake dance it figures most conspicuously, the chief performers carrying rattlesnakes in their mouths.

How they manage to avoid being bitten is a mystery. It is a magical performance. The gods protect the Moki priests engaged in it.

Mystery. That is the essential quality of the serpent. Hiding and gliding about unseen, it suggests to the human imagination an intimate connection with the supernatural.

Cruelty to Corns.

Cholly—Mother thinks I have a natural gift for dancing, doncha know, Miss Kawstiek—Yes, as a toe dancer you are a wonder.

Its Nature.

"My face is my fortune, sir."

"Sorry to hear it, madam, for your investment has some very bad features."

HUN HYDROPLANE TAKEN



This German hydroplane, painted to look like an American machine, was brought down by the gunners of an American transport in the Mediterranean. The pilot and observer were captured and the plane was taken to a allied base.

GUARDED LIKE EX-CZAR

Amsterdam, Aug. 7.—A plot against Nicolai Lenine, the bolshevik premier of Russia, and Leon Trotsky, the minister of war and marine, has been discovered, according to a Moscow telegram printed by the Vossische-Zeitung of Berlin on Sunday.

Both of these officials have heretofore doubled their precautionary measures.

Lenine, it is stated, appears in public only with a strong guard. He visited Dr. Karl Helfferich, the German ambassador at Moscow on Friday, passing through streets which had been closed to the public by a cordon of troops.

MANY DIE LAST QUARTER

THIRTY-FIVE CONFEDERATE PENSIONERS PASS AWAY IN THREE MONTHS.

Thirty-five Confederate pensioners are reported as having died since the last quarterly distribution. In the November distribution the pensioners will receive \$37.50 instead of \$30, the rate of \$12.50 monthly going into effect this month.

Among those recently added to the list, to whom pensions will be paid Aug. 15, are Mrs. Martha P. Randle, of this city, and Mrs. Mattie J. Weddington, of Laytonsville, this county.

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WIPES OUT BATTALION

American machine gunners, protecting a location on the Vesle west of Fismes, wiped out an entire battalion of German infantrymen and machine gunners Monday. The Germans at the time were getting into a position to attack a group of American bridge builders who were approaching the location.

Some bridge material already had been moved near the south bank of the Vesle and the Germans, apparently discovering this fact had sent a battalion to a hill position to prevent the Americans carrying out their plan. A detachment of crack American machine gunners, however, previously had taken an elevated position commanding the location and opened fire when the Germans appeared.

BAKER LOCKED UP

Shelbyville, Ky., Aug. 7.—Peter Ringerheimer, a German baker, employed by J. C. Risk & Co., was locked up to-day on a charge of violation of the espionage act. While under the influence of liquor, it is alleged, he gave utterance to disloyal sentiments. He claims to have been in this country for twenty-nine years, but has been here only two weeks.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and for years it was supposed to be incurable. Doctors prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, rendered it incurable. Catarrh is a local disease, greatly influenced by constitutional conditions and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Medicine, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is a constitutional remedy, is taken internally and acts thru the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. One Hundred Dollars reward is offered for any case that Hall's Catarrh Medicine fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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